Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.
*Rosa.* Play Musique then: nay you must do it soone.
Not yet no daunce: thus change I like the Moone.
*Kin.* Wil you not daunce? How come you thus estranged?
*Ro.* You tooke the moone at ful, but now shee's changed?
*King.* Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.
*Rosa.* The musique playes, vouchsafe some motion to it,
Our eares vouchsafe it.
*King.* But your legges should do it.
*Rosa.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
Weele not be nice, take handes, we will not daunce.
*King.* Why take we handes then?
*Rosa.* Onely to part friendes.
Curtsie sweete hartes, and so the Measure endes.
*King.* More measure of this measue be not nice.
*Rosa.* We can affoord no more at such a price.
*King.* Prise you your selues: What buyes your company?
*Rosa.* Your absence onely.
*King.* That can neuer be.
*Rosa.* Then cennot we be bought: and so adue.
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.
*King.* If you denie to daunce, lets holde more chat.
*Rosa.* In priuat then.
*King.* I am best pleasd with that.
*Berow.* White handed Mistres, one sweet word with thee.
*Quee.* Honie, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
*Ber.* Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice,
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dosen sweetes.
*Quee.* Seuenth sweete adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
*Ber.* One word in secret.
*Quee.* Let it not be sweete.
*Bero.* Thou greeuest my gall.
*Quee.* Gall, bitter,
*Bero.* Therefore meete.
*Duman.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
*Maria.* Name it.

*Duma.*



*Duma.* Faire Ladie.
*Mar.* Say you so? Faire Lord, take that
*Duma.* Please it you, as much in priua
*Maria.* What, was your vizard made
*Long.* I know the reason (Lady) why y
*Mari.* O for your reason, quickly sir, I
*Long.* You haue a double tongue with
And would afforde my speachles vizard
*Mar.* Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is
*Long.* A Calfe faire Ladie.
*Mar.* No, a faire Lorde Calfe.
*Long.* Let's part the word?
*Mar.* No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an O
*Lon.* Loke how you butt your selfe in t
Will you giue hornes chast Lady? do not
*Mar.* Then die a Calfe, before your
*Long.* One word in priuate with you er
*Mar.* Bleat softly then, the Butcher h
*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking Wenc
As is the Rasors edge inuisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seen
Aboue the sence of sence so sensible,
Seemeth their conference, their conceites
Fleeter then Arrowes, bullets wind thou
*Rosa.* Not one word more my Maides, b
*Bero.* By heauen, all drie beaten with p
*King.* Farewel mad Wenches, you haue
*Quee.* Twentie adieus my frozen Mu
Are these the breede of Wits so wonder
*Boye.* Tapers they are with your swee
*Rosa.* Wel-liking Wits they haue gro
*Quee.* O pouertie in wit, Kingly poor
Will they not (thinke you) hange them se
Or euer but in vizards shew their faces.
This pert *Berowne* was out of countnan
*Rosa.* They were all in lamentable cas
The King was weeping ripe for a good w



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